

THE LIGUORIAN

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Devoted to the Growth of Catholic Belief and Practice*

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The Land of "Might Have Been".

Mystic callings in the midnight
Sodden with misty pain,
Echoes that drift from the utmost space
Of the land of "might have been".

He loved a snow-white lily,
He treasured a crimson rose;
He felt the witching thrill of the dawn,
And the peace of the sunset's glows.

His soul a jocund wassailer
Faring the fields of Spring;
His heart than vernal minstrelsy
A gladder lay did sing.

The prisms sun-kissed dew-drop
That laughs in a lily's heart,
Scarce fairer than the limpid smile
His flexile lips did part.

But his heart has long since moulted
Spring's beamy panoply;
And gelid Winter glooms his soul
With its slag-grey canopy.

His lily is sere and withered,
The rose has hung her head;
His dreams ooze spawn of bitterness,
His waking trysts with dread.

He fears the eyes of childhood,
He loathes the dawning light;
He flees the sunset's peace and calm,
And hides in the trackless night.

But ever those voices at midnight
Sodden with misty pain,
And the echoes that drift from the utmost space
Of the land of "might have been".

Suddenly hovers a figure
Candent with swathing light,
And heaven's roseal fulgence
Floods over the Stygian night.

And she who still a virgin
The Saviour gave to men
With gentle suasion lights the path
To the land of "might have been".

—Lt. Chapl. Andrew F. Brown, C. Ss. R.

HANDED OVER TO THE GENTILES

ST. JOHN, XVIII. 28.

"Then they led Jesus from Caiphas to the Governor's hall," i. e. to the pretorium. The morning assembly was over. The High Priests and the Pharisees and the Elders of the people had agreed on the means to secure Our Lord's crucifixion. First they would simply present Him with a request that Pilate should execute Him. This failing, they would urge the plea of rebellion against the Roman empire. Should this not prove effectual, they would urge their own law and demand His death on the score of blasphemy. And in the last resort, they would threaten Pilate with accusation in Rome before the Emperor himself. We will see in the course of events how all these steps were actually traced out.

ON THE ROAD TO PILATE'S RESIDENCE.

They were quite confident of success. St. Mark carefully picks out a detail in the scene: *"Binding Jesus they led Him away."* How was He bound? According to Roman custom, the right hand of the prisoner was chained to the left hand or arm of a soldier. When St. Ignatius, Martyr, was dragged to Rome, he himself describes his condition: "From Syria to Rome, on land and sea, by day and night, I must deal with wild beasts, being chained to ten leopards,—the military escort." Sts. Peter and Paul were bound by a double chain (Acts, XII, 6 and XXI, 33). If we turn to Jewish sources for illustrations, we meet with little that is definite and clear. Some allusions and comparisons made, will nevertheless shed light on our inquiry. For instance, when David mourns over the murder of Abner we come across the mention of manacles and fetters: "Thy hands were not bound, nor thy feet loaded with fetters" (II Kings, III, 34). In the book of Ecclesiasticus there is mention of a collar about the neck. The author exhorts all to conform their whole life to the precepts of Wisdom: "Put thy feet into her fetters, and thy neck into her chains" (VI, 25). Since the Hebrew words for manacles and fetters are used in the dual number, we may infer that they were locked round both wrists and ankles. *As to the manner* in which this was done,—you can Judge for yourself. Don't you think it natural that these Pharisees would rather cling to their own national customs as insinuated above?

In view of their hatred for Christ and their personal interests in His death,—don't you think, they would apply all these precautions without any regard for His feelings, without much pity or comparison for Him? Judging from their cruel conduct during the previous night, does it seem a rash assumption to you, to think that many of the stinging jests and bitter sneers were repeated by the menials of the court as they clasped the chains around their unresisting victim? While many of the Council hurry over to the temple to attend to the ceremonial of the day, some of the most influential members are deputed to accompany Our Lord to the Pretorium. At a given signal the Jewish guards, the hired rabble, their Prisoner and the party of Priests *move out into the streets*. Now which direction did they take? Of course that depends on the location of the Pretorium. But just here one of the most tantalizing problems of biblical topography lies across our way. Was the Pretorium directly north of the Caiphas' house on the western hill? or did it lie on the eastern hill hard by the Temple? Some other time, perhaps, we may venture to give a rough outline of the question. For the present let us suppose that our goal lies over on the Temple hill. Then the procession moved north about half a mile; and then east for about 600 feet. Here they halted in an open space or piazza in front of the Pretorium. The spot lay in the first shallow sinking of the Tyropoean valley which ran southward, cutting the city into a western and eastern portion. Looking to the east the ground rose slightly higher. A broad stairway gave entrance to the palace esplanade, from which marble pillars rose upward affording a magnificent front to the stately building whose massive walls were clothed in glistening marbles by the munificence of King Herod. The building itself was about 100 yards long by about 40 in average breadth. Since Macchabean times it had been known as the citadel of Baris; but Herod had remodelled it; adorning it with porticoes, halls, baths and all the luxuries of a royal residence. As a rule the Roman procurator may have lodged in the palace on Sign hill; but on occasions such as the present, when trouble was feared, it seems far more likely that he would sojourn in this fortress. Here the Roman garrison was ready to hand and could be summoned at a moment's notice. In several passages Josephus, the Jewish historian, confesses that uprisings usually occurred on great feasts when numerous crowds assembled. The leaders whisper to a few of their party to approach the staircase and announce their errand to the procurator.

PARLEY AT THE PALACE GATE.

"*And it was morning.*" The sun was now risen. It must have been about the hour when the night watch went off duty in the fortress. However it was not too early for the Roman courts to open; for we learn from Seneca that at earliest dawn the forum was already crowded with wrangling plaintiffs and defendants. In fact the Senate was compelled to publish a decree that no decision should be legal before sunrise. For a few moments Our Lord was surrounded by his captors, who taunted him with the downfall of all His hopes and promises. He probably stood silent in the circle of mockers and thought of those so dear to Him. He may have thought of His Blessed Mother, whose sorrow was a heavy load upon His heart. He thought of His apostles cowering in the caves around the Mount of Olives; he thought of so many of His followers who would be scandalized at His apparent weakness and would begin to howl with His enemies; He thought perhaps of us, too, so heedless of all His efforts to win our love. Meanwhile the two or three *representatives of the party* had come near the foot of the grand stairway leading into the palace. They signalled to one of the sentinels and an officer came to confer with them on their business. The drift of their parley is conveyed by the words of St. John: "And they went not into the hall that they might not be defiled, but that they might eat the Pasch." They probably summarized the data of the case; begged the Procurator to grant them an interview in the open air outside. Just a glance at the motives with which they supported this request! *First*, they went not into the hall that they might not be defiled. The Mosaic law did not squarely decide that a Jew could not enter the house of a pagan. It did however formulate many prescriptions from which such a custom was derived in course of time by the Scribes. St. Peter alludes to this when he addresses the household of Cornelius: "You know how abominable it is for a man that is a Jew, to keep company or to come unto one of another nation" (Acts X, 28). In the Talmud we read: "The house of a pagan shall be in your eyes as the stable of an animal" (Erubin LXII, 2). In the Mishna is found the following: "The houses of Gentiles are impure" (Sukkoth XVIII, 7). In the Babylonian Talmud, the very dust of a pagan country is considered defilement (Sanedrim, f. 12). This was so rigidly observed that the pagans smarted under such aloofness and ascribed it to downright hatred and hostility for all the rest of the world (Tacitus, History, V, 5). Now

we can understand their first excuse. *The second* plea advanced, leads us into a pitfall. They do not wish to be defiled, and why? "That they might eat the Pasch." Strange! Our Lord had eaten the Pasch on the night before His arrest. The plea just made by the Jews implies that they had not yet eaten the Pasch. What then? Did Our Lord anticipate the time for the Paschal Supper? Or did the Jews postpone the feast that year? Or does the phrase: "to eat the Pasch" bear another meaning in our passage? For instance: could it refer to the eating of the "Chagiga"? The legal Pasch required the sacrifice and eating of a lamb. But this was usually accompanied by other sacrifices of oxen and goats, on the flesh of which they feasted during the following day; this was called chagiga. Authors are still divided in their opinions about this problem; and I am sure, you do not wish to be detained by any long-winded explanation just now. In some future issue of the LIGURIAN we may offer a rough outline of the main elements of the question—God willing. For the present, just notice that the Jews had to be legally pure from all defilement for the eating of both the Pasch and the Chagiga. This is enough to account for their scruples about entering the house of the pagan Procurator.

PILATE COMES FORTH.

"*Pilate therefore went out to them.*" How familiar that name! Ever since our school-boy days when first we learned to recite the Apostles' Creed that name has come to our lips: "Who was crucified under Pontius Pilate." Only a few decades after Our Lord's death, many a Roman youth may have pored over the annals of his country's glory with pardonable pride; but perhaps he paused and mused awhile as his eyes fell on the simple entry: "During the reign of Tiberius, Christ was executed by Pilate, the procurator of Judea" (Tacitus, Annals, XV, 44). Gladly would we know something of *his origin* and early history; but alas, that is clouded in obscurity. There is a German *legend* that makes him a son of Tyrus, king of Mayence. His father sent him to Rome as a hostage. Here he committed murder and was exiled to the far-away province of Pontus. Fortune smiled on him; for in the wars against the barbarous tribes of the country he won such distinction that the new name of Pontius was awarded him. The laurels of the battle-field then secured for him the procuratorship of Judea. It is only a legend,—yet we may wonder whether the conjectures of *historians* have come much nearer the real truth. We will simply glance at one of the many theories. His father was a Spaniard,

who took sides with the Romans in the war which Agrippa carried on in Spain. When the victorious army returned in triumph, he accompanied Agrippa to Rome and was rewarded with the "pilum"; that is, he was made commander of the first century or company of a legion; and with this dignity was raised to rank of a knight.

Thus the family-name Pilatus originated. His son Lucius Pontius Pilatus fought with Tiberius in the German wars. Here he probably signalized himself by his ability, and even acquired not a little favor with Tiberius. Upon his return to Rome, Pilate met Claudia, the grand-daughter of Augustus, at the court of Tiberius and sued for her hand. Tiberius not only gave his consent to the marriage, but also appointed Pilate to the procuratorship of Judea; for this region needed a strong hand to keep it in subjection to Rome.

Whatever you may think of these conjectures,—let us proceed with *our story*. You may think it quite undignified in a proud Roman official to bend to the wishes of the Jews and come out to them. However if you bear in mind the fact that the Romans usually showed much consideration for the religious prejudices of conquered nations, you may find it a little more natural. Toward the Jewish nation, the Romans seemed particularly condescending. They were exempted from military service. They could not be compelled to appear in court of law on the sabbath. When a public distribution of corn or money took place on the Sabbath, they were to receive their share on the following day. When there occurred a distribution of oil, which the Jews were forbidden to use, they were to be given an equivalent value in money. The Roman armies must conform to Jewish principles; for when the troops entered the Holy city they had to leave behind all the standards that bore an image. Even the Emperor bowed; and though in all cities his image was to be seen, still in Jerusalem, not even the Roman Governor was allowed to expose it to view. Hence Pilate came out to them with fairly good grace. A strong detachment of troops preceded him and kept an open space around him. A council of ambitious young men aspiring to office surrounded him. The sword at his side announced to all that he held the power of life and death.

CAN THIS MAN BE GUILTY?

The noise of the boisterous crowds subsided as the Roman Governor advanced. Pilate may have paused a moment to survey the situation and then said: '*What accusation bring you against this man?*'"

All that *he knew* of Christ already must have crowded into his mind. Indeed, though his usual place of residence was in Cesarea, yet he was not supinely ignorant of what transpired in Judea. When the Jews plotted against him, no matter how secret their schemes, he was appraised of all and was able to take his precautions. Surely many a time one of his emissaries had brought reports about Our Lord. Upon occasion of the great festivals he came to Jerusalem. Then he could not help learning a great deal of the Wonder-worker, who went about the streets of the city, who was the center of interest for throngs that had come from a distance, and was hailed as king by them. And when the Jews tried to stone Him in the temple, some echoes of the uproar must have reached the Governor. The news was of a nature to give him cause for thought. Now Pilate *saw Him* face to face. Carefully did he scrutinize the Person before him. Aside from that indefinable air of supernatural majesty, there was something about Him that must have told Pilate: This person cannot be a criminal. His searching glance was sharpened by long experience in camp and court. On the previous night when the Roman cohort went out to aid in Our Lord's arrest, Pilate must have learned something of what was going on. No, *that question* was not prompted by total ignorance. It impresses us far more as an exclamation of surprise and wonderment. Clearly all the emphasis in his question bears on the last words: "This man." He had been able to form a pretty clear idea of the accusation when the Jews came to barter for the aid of the Roman soldiers. As we shall see he was hardly the man to scruple over much about the accusation. His subsequent anxiety to get rid of the case, can best be accounted for on the supposition that he was fascinated by Our Lord's appearance.

And how were his hearers affected by his words? "*They answered, and said to him: If he were not a malefactor, we would not have delivered him up to thee.*" Remarkable words! There is about them the snap of sharp and angry *retort*. As if framed to ward off the suspicion that they were prosecuting an innocent man! Pilate's steady gaze upon Our Lord, and the piercing emphasis of his first question must have cut them to the quick. They felt that somehow or other he was not in sympathy with their accusations; and they smarted. His scrupulous inquiry about the charges was all the more annoying just because so unusual. They knew his character well. It is thus described in a letter of Agrippa to Caligula: "Pilate was inflexible,

hard and arrogant. Corruption, deeds of violence, robberies, ill-treatment of the people, vexations, perpetual executions without previous trial, cruelties without number and beyond endurance." He never troubled himself about trials before, why just now? Astonishment only embittered their disappointment and chagrin. They had fondly hoped to despatch the case in a few words. Their hopes were probably built on a handsome bribe; for Pilate was not adverse to such methods. Besides, when you consider their words,—does it not strike you that they are remarkably vague and indefinite? Why not blurt out a volley of accusations? They surely had them on the tip of their tongues. They had rehearsed them all just a few minutes ago at the morning session of the Sanedrim. Their reticence is certainly *intentional*. This intention is quite consistently carried out through the whole proceedings, for they never even once clearly admit the trial of last night. Above all things however, they wish to assure Pilate that Our Lord is guilty. They can think of no better pledge to vouch for it than the simple assertion: "we would not have delivered him up to thee." This must have been an unusual measure. It generally formed part of Our Lord's prophecy. They detested Roman supremacy and bowed to it only in fear of the lash and sword. Just now they acknowledge it willingly. Men may be proud, and will refuse to bow to God. But in case of sin and crime, they readily crawl in the vilest mire. Thus the leaders of the Jews had delivered Our Lord to the Gentiles just as He had foretold. They must make that delivery emphatically clear.

DELIVERED TO THE GENTILES.

"Pilate therefore said to them: Take him you and judge him according to your law." Pilate is sincerely anxious to rid himself of the case; and now gives the Jews full powers to dispose of Christ. He clearly sees through the fears of the Pharisees: how they themselves are in dread of tumult of the people, and are trying to shirk the nasty work. He is beginning to fear for himself; and with good reason. He has already infuriated the Jews by a long series of arbitrary encroachments on their privileges. That very day he intends to execute Barrabbas and his associates, imprisoned for revolt. Such a sentence must secure them the sympathy of the mob, and might provoke an uprising in their favor. And now add Jesus, the Prophet of Nazareth to the list of the condemned. His sincerity is proven by the

various shifts he makes to evade the case. He will try to transfer it to the court of Herod. He will even urge the Jews to do all they please: "Take him you and crucify him" (St. John XIX, 6). Our Lord had foretold that the Jews will deliver Him to the Gentiles; and now the Jews themselves will insist on the fulfillment of this prophecy.

"The Jews therefore said to him: It is not lawful for us to put any man to death." We may discuss the full meaning of this passage in another issue. For the present, it is enough to point out that they wanted to force the case into Pilate's hands. St. John closes the scene with the reflection: "That the word of Jesus might be fulfilled which he said; signifying what death he should die." He alludes to some prophecy of Our Lord, such as this: "And the Son of man shall be betrayed to the chief priests and the scribes and they shall condemn him to death, and shall deliver him to the gentiles to be mocked and scourged and crucified" (St. Matthew XX, 18).

JOHN ZELLER, C. Ss. R.

THE WAKE

Death comes like a thief and finds the best and holiest none too well prepared. How the poor soul, plunged in the fires of purgatory, pleads for help that it may be speedily purified and admitted to the blessed vision of its God! Masses will be offered, the funeral liturgy will afford relief, many a prayer will be said beside the grass-covered grave. But among the first and therefore the most welcome comforters are the neighbors and friends who gather at the wake house and unite hour after hour through the watches of the night in reciting the rosary for the departed soul. Those who loved the dear one most may be able to bring no floral offering, but they can do what pleases that dear one a thousand times more—they can join with deepest fervor in reciting the rosary which brings such timely comfort to the suffering soul. As they kneel in the very room where they have been so often entertained as privileged guests, who can divine the salutary thoughts that fill the minds of the living while praying for the dead!

No true work since the world began was ever wasted; no true life since the world began has ever failed. Oh, understand those two perverted words, "failure" and "success", and measure them by the eternal, not the earthly, standard—*F. W. Farrar*.

FOUND

Hilda Brest, accomplished and attractive, prim and pretty, determined to follow her chum Lottie Dugan as professional nurse. Youth is quick and fervent; love is quicker and blinder; and thus in her second training year Fred Rowan, a one-time patient fell in love with her. She, young and inexperienced, became aware of his attentions and was quite fascinated, yes, almost obsessed by him. The so-called subsequent company-keeping was not quite proper but the warnings of her watchful parents were disregarded. The mother begged her to forego this ill-timed attachment before it was too late; she should first know something about the man and his family. But all this was like trying to hold a runaway horse by a slender thread; Hilda knew better, as self-willed girls always think they do, and affairs came to such a pass that it was highly advisable to marry or to separate at once.

The marriage was contracted, but storms gathered soon. Fred turned out to be a spendthrift, a good-for-nothing. Religion was NIL with him: he had been baptized and that was all. Unfaithful to his youthful wife; he went with other women—this was the hardest blow of all. Hilda worked and slaved for him and tired herself unto a nervous breakdown—so strong and mysterious was her love despite his unworthiness. When Fred berated her roundly and spent or gambled away the money she had earned, she would meet him with a patient smile thinking she might yet win him to better ways; but, when alone, she wept bitter tears and wished she had heeded her parents. She had found not joy and contentment, but misery, worry, and trouble.

After five years of martyrdom Hilda decided to leave Fred,—to flee to a distant city and remain hidden for ever under an assumed name. She said a last farewell to her parents and then fled, fled, till she found what she thought was peace; but, "Satan himself transformeth himself into an angel of light" (II, Cor. XI, 14).

II.

Grant Woburn went shopping with his mother. In the particular store they visited, Grant had occasion to observe a saleslady whose gentle deportment and speech made the impression that she was of a good family in reduced circumstances. At home in his "den" his

thoughts went back to the store; her face sported in and out of the smokeclouds of his pipe, and haunted his dreams. Wondering who she might be, he found pretexts for returning to the store, and then—the old story—she had become a “part of his existence”. Her reserve and seeming unwillingness wherewith she first spoke to him only whetted his appetite the more.

The reckless moth is eventually caught in the flame and the poor fly left struggling in the spider's web. So our saleslady began playing with temptation and her admiration gradually drifted into affection. There was *one* difficulty: Grant was not a Catholic and she was (!?). Grant felt encouraged in his suit. And she—well, she had long enough—so she argued—spent a life of sadness for want of the pleasure and joy she felt herself entitled to, she who was “just made for married life”. Impassioned reasoning brought her to accept Grant's proposal despite the difference of creed.

Like a piercing searchlight echoes of the past would now and then disturb the darkness in her soul: “Whosoever shall put away his wife and marry another committeth adultery against her. And if the wife shall put away her husband and be married to another, she committeth adultery” (Mark, X, II, 12). “To them that are married, not I, but the Lord commandeth that the wife depart not from her husband. And if she depart, that she remain unmarried, or be reconciled to her husband (I. Cor. VII, 10, 11). But why worry? She had her chance now and would follow her natural bent, law or no law. Why this? Because—because she was not free: she was the wife of another notwithstanding a civil divorce and despite the fact she passed as unmarried, when in reality she was none other than the bright girl of years ago: Hilda Brest, the wife, until death, of Fred Rowan. She had found—she said to herself—what she was yearning for, a good husband.

Grant being a most successful chemist, gave her a comfortable home. The qualms of conscience that at first tortured her in the quiet of night and in the lonely hours of day, were slowly but none the less surely stifled by the rounds of pleasure that now were hers. She claimed to have found happiness and contentment, but her step severed her from the Church, caused family quarrels, and broke her parents' heart. The higher spiritual sense, conscience, right reason, all seemed awry, and still she would not abandon her pet illusion. Neither warnings nor kindness availed; she wanted *her* way and had it. Things

would have gone better, but, she had forgotten to pray. Exteriorly she seemed happy, but close observers traced marks of inward grief and hidden battles, even when she smiled. And alas:

"These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die; like fire and powder,
Which as they kiss, consume. The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds the appetite."

(Shakespeare: *Romeo & Juliet*, Act. II, sc. 5.)

III.

His country's call for experienced and scientific men was answered by Grant who soon was under way for France. But he never reached "over there": the transport on which he embarked was torpedoed. His death cast Hilda into a storm of grief to see her vaunted happiness so quickly snatched away. This grief was the scalpel that cut the sinful cancer from her soul and brought her to her senses. Gradually she recognized God's finger pointing out the way of self-abnegation. Bound to do penance, and returned to her first occupation, she volunteered to nurse in France. She became *The Angel* of the hospital where she was instrumental in bringing sin-laden souls to God by blazing the chaplain's way to many a seared conscience and many a sealed heart.

One day a despatch-rider was brought in severely wounded and turned over to her special care. Three operations at close intervals almost sent him to the grave. Many were the words of comfort heard from his nurse. She noticed how grateful he was, but not how he used to scan her face looking for someone he knew. In time he practically told her his story, a revelation from the deep, which awakened kindred chords in her own soul: how he had gone to the bad and been abandoned by his wife; how in time he had repented and converted, and that the ring his wife had given him was wont to hang from his neck and ever near his bleeding heart.

Some days later Hilda saw this ring by chance: it was *hers*; her patient was her once abandoned husband. What emotions passed through her heart of hearts at this discovery can not be imagined. Disciplined however by her nurse's training and experience, she dared not break the news to him but with infinite tact, and so she had the chaplain prepare the way. This done, the chaplain led in the blush-

ing and tearful Hilda, and the two hearts, overflowing with a love chastened by repentance and higher spiritual motives, that, thanks to God had come to them, were reunited; they had found each other even here on earth. Locked in fond embrace, Fred weeping for joy and Hilda caressing his scarred cheeks, they seemed as if rapt to the third heaven. The thought of Fred's impending death was momentarily put aside—momentarily? Yes; and for ever; for, one day as Hilda and Fred, fortified by the "Bread of the strong", were praying together for the last time, a bomb from a raider struck the hospital, Hilda and Fred were mortally wounded. With a last kiss and an "Au revoir above", their purified souls sped before the Judgment Seat of God, where, no doubt, the penance they had done, found them the peace the world did not give, the true happiness after which every soul should strive, the happiness that is given by God alone.

PAUL O. BALZER, C. Ss. R.

COME AND REST

The twilight falls,
And evening closes day.
The failing sunlight folds its glorious arms
And fades away.

So in this life
Soon shall the weary heart,
When earth's vain pleasures shall at length decay
Long to depart.

For who shall give
To the immortal soul,
Created for the joys of heaven alone,
Of bliss the whole?

With vast desires
Is every spirit filled.
With mighty cravings for a joy untold
Each heart is thrilled.

Oh blest the soul
Who hath no thought to roam.
But to the Savior's ever willing arms
Turns again home.

For it all storms
And endless combats cease.
Deep in the Sacred Heart it ever lies
And all is peace.

Come then and rest,
For thee His arms are spread.
To give thee sweet assurance from the Cross
He bows His head.

—Brother Reginald, C. Ss. R.

A DEFENCE OF OUR LADY

"Is this seat taken?"

The voice was a heavy bass. Its owner was a tall thin man with classical features, black hair and beard, and piercing dark eyes.

"No, sir," I replied, as I took my valise from the seat beside me and deposited it in the rack above the window.

"Express for New York; only stop, Poughkeepsie!" cried the conductor as he passed rapidly through the car. A few moments later we had left Albany, and were beginning our delightful journey along the Hudson, to the World-City of America. My business trip had been successful, and I was in a particularly chatty mood. Having received a good Catholic education, I am proud of my faith, and feel it a duty whenever an opportunity is offered, to explain and defend it. My position as travelling agent makes the opportunity frequent, and invariably do I find attentive listeners in the chance companions I meet, of all shades of religious opinion.

"Tickets, tickets!" The conductor had reached us and as I fumbled in my vest pocket for my ticket, by chance I brought out with it my little ebony rosary. The quick eye of my companion caught it at a glance; and as I handed my ticket, I discovered a look of disgust on his face, then a smile of contempt playing about the corners of his mouth. This gave me the cue. I was ready to defend Our Lady with the oft told explanation of her exact position in the Catholic Church. Holding my rosary in my hand, I wondered how I should begin. Rather to my astonishment, the stranger turned to me and said:

"Excuse me, sir, but those beads you have in your hand tell plainly that you are a Roman Catholic. Would you object to discuss a few points of your religious belief?"

"On the contrary," I replied, "it is always a great pleasure to inform an honest inquirer as to the religion I profess."

"If I am not mistaken, these beads are used by members of your Church to count certain prayers you address to the Virgin."

"You are right!" I said, "this is a rosary, a crown of spiritual roses taken largely from the Scriptures, and placed at the feet of Heaven's High Queen."

"The Scriptures?" he interposed, "I am a close student of the Bible, and I assure you that I never found in it any prayers to the Virgin."

"You surely remember," I rejoined, "the words of the angel to Mary in the first chapter of St. Luke's gospel; 'Hail full of grace, the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou among women.' And again the words of her cousin, Zachery's wife, Elizabeth, on the occasion of Mary's visit to her: 'Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb.'" He assented with a nod.

"Now the Church takes these two salutations," I continued, "puts them together and adds the words: 'Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death.' This forms the prayer to the Blessed Virgin Mary, repeated so often in reciting the rosary."

"But such prayers are not warranted by Scripture," he earnestly retorted.

"How so my friend?" I asked. "All we do in praying to the Blessed Virgin, is to honor her; and was she not supremely honored by the Eternal Father in the message He sent her by the angel? 'Thou hast found grace with God. Thou shalt bring forth a Son, and thou shalt call His name Jesus.' And again what honor is contained in the words of Elizabeth: 'And whence is this to me that the mother of my Lord should come to me?' Surely no greater honor could be paid to a creature than the office of Mother of the Son of God. Catholics simply follow the example of the Almighty God in honoring the Blessed Virgin."

"But, my friend," he insisted, "the extent to which you Catholics proceed is beyond all reason."

"Not at all," I replied, "In the election of Mary, the Almighty God has gone to the extreme limit of His power to honor a creature. He could have created a better world, a grander universe; He could have made purer and better angels and men; but He could not confer or create a higher dignity than that of Mother of His Only Begotten Son. If God himself is powerless to bestow any higher honor upon her, surely no one can find fault with Catholics when they exhaust every means to do her homage."

"But I do find fault with Catholics," he cried, turning squarely around in his seat and facing me, "you *adore* the Virgin."

"Ah, sir," calmly I replied, "there you are grievously mistaken. Adoration must be rendered to God alone. Exalted as is the Mother of Christ, she is not God. Between her and her Divine Son, there is a difference that is infinite. One is the Creator, the other is the

creature. No Catholic *adores* her, but every Catholic pays her the highest respect, reverence, honor, homage and devotion, stopping short at adoration. She gave birth to the God-Man, the Redeemer of the world. She held Him in her arms and nurtured Him as a tender infant, and could say to Him the words no other created being could utter: 'Thou art my God; but, oh, Thou art also my Son.'"

"Very true, very true," quickly retorted my separated brother. "But why pay her more homage than Christ himself bestowed on her? Have you forgotten His rebuke to her on the occasion of the wedding feast of Cana: 'Woman, what have I to do with thee?'"

There was such a tone of triumph in the bass voice that I felt my ire rising within me. Checked it, however, and brought him down to a few solid facts about the private interpretation of the Bible.

"So it reads in your version," I said, "and the meaning you attach to the words is even worse than the bad translation of the original. Correctly rendered, the passage reads: 'Woman, what is it to me and to thee?' (St. John, II, 4). The words used for woman in the Greek original, is a term employed in addressing a lady of rank and distinction. Woman is the nearest translation we have for it in English. As to the rest of the reply, why turn a mental sommersault to make it appear a refusal or a rebuff? It certainly can be no refusal; for on hearing it she turns to the waiters and says to them: 'Whatever he shall say to you, do ye.' Immediately Our Lord gives the command: 'Fill the water pots with water,' and when they were filled, he said: 'Draw out now and carry to the chief steward of the feast.' They all found it excellent wine. Where then is the refusal?"

My friend looked disconcerted.

"The expression used by Our Lord on this occasion," I continued, "is no doubt obscure; but may it not mean: 'My Lady, what is it to us?' Will not their embarrassment be greater if we take notice that the wine has failed?' Observe also, that the time He had determined for the beginning of His miracles had not yet arrived. Still He cannot refuse the request of His Mother."

He was silent.

"Had Our Lord arrogantly said to her," I added, "as your Bible declares: 'Woman, what have I to do with thee?' would He not have been guilty of unwarrantable rudeness, to say the least, in thus publicly rebuking her? Could we really excuse such disrespect in any young man who had ever heard the commandment: 'Honor thy father and

thy mother?" Such a construction as yours, I concluded, turning to him, 'seems to me a flat denial of even amicable relations between Christ, our Model, and His own Mother.'

The force of what I had said was apparent. After a silence of some moments he returned to the attack.

"How do you justify the placing of pictures and statues of the Virgin in your churches and homes!" he asked more civilly. "Does not the Bible say: 'Thou shalt not make thyself a graven thing, nor the likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or in the earth beneath?'"

"God spoke these words to the Jews," I said. "They were a people prone to idolatry. If the words imply a general command, then it is wrong to erect statues to our heroes of war, our poets, statesmen and orators. You surely see no sin against Scripture in this."

"Certainly not," he replied. "It only serves to perpetuate the memory of their great achievements."

"Then why find fault with Catholics," I interposed, "when they sculpture statues and paint pictures of the Madonna? What mortal has achieved greater distinction than she, the mother of the Messias, 'our tainted nature's solitary boast?'"

As I leaned towards him and spoke loudly above the rumble of the train, I noticed a locket attached to his watch-guard.

"Pardon," said I, "but will you kindly let me see this locket?" It was in my hand in a moment.

"May I open it?" I asked.

"Rather let me open it for you," he replied; "the spring is a peculiar one."

I said a little prayer to the Blessed Virgin, and it was answered, for when he passed me the open locket, I found what I had desired to find, a photograph within it.

"Ah," said I, "and may I inquire who this lady may be?"

"A miniature of my mother," was his reply. "She is dead these seven years."

"Sir, you command my profound respect," I declared with enthusiasm. "Love for one's mother I hold to be a mark of moral worth. But if you honor your mother by wearing her photograph about you, you must understand that I do no more than honor the Mother of God when I carry this about me. And I showed him my watch case, engraved with a picture of Our Lady of Sorrows. You reverence the

mother that gave you birth. I reverence still more than my own mother the woman that gave Christ birth.

The argument struck home, but he was not yet vanquished.

After a long pause, he began again. "I once heard a Catholic missionary say that the Mother of Christ is as powerful as Christ himself. That, sir, to my mind, is nothing less than blasphemy. Surely, your Church cannot stand for such doctrine."

The objection was, of course, familiar. Occupying the seat ahead of us, was an elderly lady and a young man, about twenty-five. A practical answer occurred to me at once.

"Do you see this woman in the seat above us?" I whispered. "Well, let us suppose that she is mother of the young man at her side. Let us further suppose that she has not a penny income of her own; but he, on the contrary, has been fortunate in business and is worth a million dollars. As an affectionate, loving son, he says to her: 'Mother, you have nothing of your own, but I have a million. Call on me for any amount, and at any time. I shall always cheerfully meet your demand.' Now if she has the disposal of his wealth, is she not practically speaking, as rich as he?"

"Yes," was the ready response.

"Well, now," said I, "there you have the exact position of the Blessed Virgin with her Divine Son. Of herself and by nature she is a mere creature as you and I; but by grace, by gift she is endowed with all the riches of Heaven. To her, as to us, Christ says: 'Ask and you shall receive.' She asks graces for man, and Christ, her Son, grants them. The Catholic petition to her is: 'Pray for us.' Of herself she can grant nothing; but she can ask and obtain anything. In this manner she is as powerful as Christ, for the wealth of Christ's graces and merits are hers. This is what the missionary meant when he said that the Mother of Christ is as powerful as Christ himself."

"But remember well, the Catholic Church does not teach that Christ never hears us unless we address Him through the Blessed Virgin. It is not an absolute condition that you reach the President of the United States through a third person, but you will secure your request more readily, if it be presented by some member of the Cabinet, or by some dear friend of the President who will interest himself in your case. On the same principle, the Church teaches that the prayers of the Saints, and above all, the prayers of the Mother

of Christ, although not absolutely necessary for our salvation, are of great assistance to us in obtaining God's graces.

"You cannot reasonably object to the mediation of a third person," I continued, "for there is an example of it on almost every page of the Bible. Christ hears the petition of a centurion in behalf of his servant, and the entreaty of Jairus for his daughter. He is touched by the pathetic appeal of a father whose son was afflicted with insanity. Again some of the Gentiles request Philip to obtain favors from Christ for them. Philip goes to Andrew, whom he believes to be dearer to Christ than himself, and Andrew finally places the petition before our Lord. These are all third persons, and none of them are so dear to our Lord as His Blessed Mother."

"Then am I to understand that Mary is your mediator and not Christ?"

"No, my friend, you are to understand nothing of the sort. Christ is our only mediator of salvation, but Mary is the mediator between Christ and ourselves. You ask your minister to pray to the Lord for you, why should you hesitate to ask Christ's Mother to do the same?"

The train slowed up.

"Poughkeepsie," shouted the conductor.

"This is my station," exclaimed my friend, and grasping my hand, he said: "Sir, I am happy to have met you. Many thanks for your lucid explanation."

He was gone. The train was soon in rapid motion. I mused till I reached New York, and more than once I said to myself: "Many are called, but few are chosen."

F. L. KENZEL, C. Ss. R.

"We gave our boy a good Catholic education—always sent him to the Catholic school—and still he went wrong."

His training in school was Catholic—what was his training in the home? Was that thoroughly Catholic too? Remember the Catholic school alone cannot impart a Catholic education. It is only a supplement—a necessary supplement indeed, but still only a supplement—to the Catholic home.

The brightest flowers in all the earth are those which grow in the garden of a Christian household, clambering over the porch of a Christian home.—*Selected.*

A "VICTIM" OF THE CONFESSIONAL

Some years ago a number of young aristocrats sat feasting in a fashionable hotel of one of the larger cities of France. Wine had been flowing freely and they were engaged in an animated discussion of politics and of the news of the day. After a while, as is so frequently the case, the conversation turned on religious subjects. All the young men present, although Catholics in name and brought up by devout Catholic parents, were of that age at which so many young men consider themselves called upon to better the state of the world and to spread more "liberal" and "enlightened" views of life and religion. And they had succeeded, with the aid of the irreligious literature of the day, in stifling the Faith of their childhood in their own hearts. The doctrines and practices of our Holy Religion, therefore, around which their conversation began to turn, were made the objects of their wit and derision. One strove to excel the other in ridiculing its doctrines and practices. And it was the Sacrament of Penance to which their minds reverted again and again and of which they spoke with the most bitter scorn and contempt.

"What a good joke it would be," finally remarked one of them, "if we all went to confession just for the fun of the thing." Some of the others declared that such a joke did not altogether commend itself to them, and that they did not believe the speaker would have the courage to carry it out. But he replied that he was willing to bet them a certain number of bottles of wine that he would make a mock Confession before their next meeting, and that he would tell them of his experiences.

The bet was accepted and early the following Saturday morning, the young man's friends came to remind him of his undertaking, and challenged him to keep his word. He assured them laughingly that he could not fail to win the bet. On the evening of the same day he went to one of the Churches of the city, and, taking a seat near the first confessional he saw, waited patiently until his turn should come. He knelt down and said to the priest: "Sir, I have not come with the intention of really making a confession but purely as a joke and in order to win a bet. I confess therefore that I have done so and so, but I don't care in the very least. I have committed such and such a sin, but I do not care in the least." And in this way he went on for some time, again and again adding: "But I don't care in the least."

When he had finished his mock confession, the priest, who had been listening very calmly and quietly, said to him: "You have now done *your* part in order to win your bet. You have confessed your sins. It is now for me to do *my* part and to impose a penance upon you. And your penance will be as follows: You will for three days say three times daily, morning, noon and night:

'I must die; but I do not care in the least.

There is a judgment after death; but I do not care in the least.

There is a Hell; but I do not care in the least.'

And with these words he dismissed him.

On the evening arranged the friends met together and the mock penitent related what had happened and claimed that he had won his bet. But the others, not prepared to give in so easily, declared that the bet could not be considered won until the penance too, which was part of the Sacrament, had been performed.

"If that is all," replied the young man, "I give you my word of honor that I will perform my penance and win my bet." And he really began to pronounce the words mentioned—at first hastily and without reflection; but, after a while, with a sense of their meaning and significance. A strange feeling took possession of him. The words began to recall the stifled belief of his early childhood. They caused him to become restless and silent and he found it impossible finally to pronounce them at all. Grace supervened and made these words the means of awakening the slumbering and paralyzed soul.

He began to think seriously of death, of eternity and the state of his soul, and, after a few days, grace had completed its work. The young man returned to the priest to whom he had made his mock Confession and besought him to aid him in making a *true* Confession and in effecting a thorough reconciliation with God. Thus restored to Faith and to a right mode of living, he strove with all earnestness to atone for the grave sins committed and never failed to tell the story of how he was, by the extraordinary Providence of God, led back to the right path.

J. GODFREY RAUPERT, K. S. G.

Do not be in a hurry, but be diligent * * *. God can afford to wait; why cannot we, since we have Him to fall back on? * * * Trust to God to weave your little thread into a web, though the patterns show it not yet.—*MacDonald*.

LITTLE THINGS

We are apt to overlook the important part which little things play in the life of the soul. Perfection does not consist in doing great things or even in doing many things, but in doing well whatever we do. The Gospel records as high praise the words of the people with respect to our Lord: "We hath done all things well."

Difficult and extraordinary duties are not always at hand. But the ordinary duties of life—our daily prayers, little acts of patience and forbearance, fidelity to the daily round of duties—these are the materials of which life is made up. And after all, the proper fulfilment of these is what God demands of us. St. John Berchmans realized this; he made it a point to perform these ordinary duties extraordinarily well; and as a result his early death at the age of twenty-two found him a saint.

Of course, the faithful performance of each little duty in its turn demands some effort. We must look about for means to keep our resolution fresh and vigorous. The following suggestions will be of help to us.

First of all, we must try to live in the Presence of God. Faith teaches us that God is everywhere, around us and in us, yes more intimate to us than our own thoughts. If the presence of one whom we wish to please spurs us on to action, how much should the realization of God's presence fill us with courage and induce us to make some sacrifice to please Him.

Giving our undivided attention to the duty of the present moment is another means towards fulfilling our obligations properly. During our prayers we ought not allow our minds to be filled with plans for the future, much less with idle day dreams or vain regrets about the past. In performing the duties that obedience or our state of life lay upon us, our whole effort should be directed to performing them well and in a manner pleasing to God.

Again, the doing of each action as though it were to be the last action of our life cannot but have a stimulating effect upon our mind and heart. St. Bernard advised his disciples to ask themselves in everything they did: "If you were to die now, would you do this, or would you do it in such a manner?" Thus we can say to ourselves: "If this were the last Mass I would hear, with what devotion would I assist at it! If this were the last Rosary I would say, what

attention would I not give to it! If this were my last Confession, with what care and fervor would I prepare for it!

Still another means to perform our daily actions well is the remembrance that by habit that which at first appeared difficult and painful will by degrees become easy and sweet. The same St. Bernard reminded Pope Eugene III of this fact: "In the beginning, he wrote, a certain thing will seem insupportable; by and by it will cease to be so difficult; then it will become easy; and finally you will find it a pleasure."

—Adapted from *St. Alphonsus Liguori*.

THE SENSE IN CURSING

Two men entered a train at a small station out west and took seats facing an elderly man. They fell to telling hunting stories with great animation and many oaths.

Noticing that the old man was an interested listener, one of the men spoke to him and asked whether he, too, were not a hunter, with a story or two worth hearing.

The old man thought he could tell one and this is what he said:

"One day I thought I would go hunting; so I took my tin pan tinder box gun and went up into a tin pan tinder box woods on the side of a tin pan tinder box mountain, and I waited a tin pan tinder box long time; and then I saw a tin pan tinder box fine buck coming toward me, so I put my old tin pan tinder box gun to my shoulder and fired. And that tin pan tinder box buck fell right in its tin pan tinder box tracks; and it was the finest tin pan tinder box buck I ever killed." After a pause he said, "How do you like my story?"

"Oh, the story is all right, but I don't see what all that 'tin pan tinder box' has to do with it."

"Well," replied the old man, "that is just my way of swearing."

"I don't see much sense in swearing that way," said the other, with manifest disgust.

To which the old man responded: "There is as much sense in my way of swearing as there is in yours, man."

We cannot conceal from ourselves that we are only dust and ashes, but we never act as though we thought ourselves to be so.—*Cardinal Wiseman*.

FOUR LOVES AND A LIFE

CHAPTER III. COURT MARTIALED.

All doubts as to the destination of the troop train were settled when the soldiers were ordered to disembark at Leavenworth, Kansas, which they reached early in the afternoon of the day of Tom Doyle's encounter with the soldiers who had attempted to bully him in their endeavor to secure strong drink. A short march brought them into the confines of a vast cantonment, where this particular contingent were to complete their training. Quarters were quickly assigned them and for the rest of the day they were free to commingle with their comrades in the camp.

New sights and new faces failed to dispel the gloom which had filled the heart of Tom Doyle ever since the moment he had been relieved of guard duty on the train with the remark from his superior officer that he would hear later about his conduct on the occasion of his treat to fire on the men who had attempted to break out of the car in which they were confined. In vain his friend Ted Cullom had attempted to raise his drooping spirits. Ted pointed out that according to the sign above their barracks he and Tom were assigned to Company N of the Eighth Engineers,—a Regular Army Regiment, whose reputation had spread even to Columbus barracks, the first station of Tom and Ted. In vain, too, had he dilated on the beauty of the Camp, the comradly spirit of the men they met, the kindness of the Officers. Before Tom's eyes loomed up the possibility of court martial and all the dire penalties he had heard were inflicted on culprits in the army. Finally Ted left him to himself and sought more cheerful company remarking as he left his friend:

"Get sense, old man, you did only what you thought your duty. And you ain't goin' to be soaked for doin' that."

Tom who was settling down preparatory to writing a post card home, telling of his new station, looked up at this remark from his friend and replied:

"Ted, you said it. I can't see where I did wrong. But that remark of the Officer worries me. You see we are new to the army and I may have put my foot in it."

"Oh, forget it! Wait till the lightning strikes you before you yell," was Ted's parting shot as he left the barracks.

However, after supper or "mess" as the recruits had learned to call every meal in the army, Ted again joined Tom and induced him to go to the K. of C. building with him. The friends were soon at home there, and the gripping human interest of a moving picture displayed for the amusement of the men dispelled Tom's sadness for a time. After the pictures the men were introduced to the Secretary of the K. of C. A group of which Tom and Ted were members were chatting with the Secretary, when an Officer approached. "That's Lieut. Fink, a Catholic Chaplain," whispered the Secretary, and Tom gazed curiously at the approaching priest.

What Tom saw at even first glance impressed him favorably. Little did he know that this man would soon play a leading role in the drama of Tom Doyle's army life. Father Fink, or rather Lieut. Fink, since his commission endowed him with that rank, was a man to win the hearts of men. Of commanding appearance, strongly built, alert and active, he was every inch a soldier. His features were clear cut and manly, his dark eye was piercing but a tell-tale twinkle in it, showed he could enjoy the lighter side of life.

This was what Tom saw as the priest approached. The group around the Secretary stood at attention and saluted smartly. The Chaplain returned the salute and then laughingly addressed the men. His voice was deep and musical and impressed one immediately with the belief that whatever words that voice uttered would always ring true.

"Some of these newcomers," said the priest, "salute like old timers. And yet I'll wager not one of them has been in the army over two months."

"You're too generous Lieutenant," returned the Secretary smiling. "These men are all volunteers from Columbus Barracks. None of them have been in service over a month."

"Indeed," said the priest cordially. "You are all welcome to Leavenworth, boys. Uncle Sam will need you all. Are there any men assigned to the Eighth Engineers? I have the honor to be Chaplain of that regiment."

Tom Doyle's heart leaped with gladness to learn that he was to have a priest for chaplain. Every priest was a friend to him.

"Ted here and Jim and I are all assigned to Co. N. of the Eighth Engineers," said Tom, stepping forward. "My name is Tom Doyle,—this is Ted Cullom, and this, Jim O'Neill."

"Glad to know you," said the priest shaking hands with each. "I'm sure you'll be a credit to the regiment."

The priest chatted for a few moments with the men and then prepared to depart. Meanwhile Tom had taken a sudden resolution. "I'm going to settle that court martial business before I go to sleep," he said to himself. "This priest will surely help me." So when Father Fink left the group, Tom followed him outside the building.

"Excuse me, Lieutenant," said Tom saluting, "May I speak to you a moment?"

"Certainly," said the priest, "What can I do for you?"

"I'm a Catholic, Father, and in trouble," said Tom. "And I thought perhaps you could help me." Then Tom proceeded to narrate the story of the encounter on the train, the remark of the Officer and his consequent worry. To his intense surprise at the conclusion of his narrative the priest threw back his head and gave vent to a ringing laugh.

"You poor fellow," he said placing his hand on the shoulder of the lad. "So you are worried about a court martial, are you? That is what comes of being a newcomer in the Army. Bless your heart, lad, you did only your duty. Why, the Officers were telling the story tonight at mess. Court martial, indeed. Why, if you had been in the Army a little longer you would have been made a Corporal for your action. Don't worry the Officers are proud of men like you. Yes, you are going to hear more about that incident, but in a way you do not expect. Go to sleep now, and don't be foolish. Good night and God bless you. By the way are you regular in your duties to your Faith?"

It was Tom's turn to smile. "Say Father," he said, "you certainly waste no time in getting after the black sheep, do you? I went to Holy Communion last Sunday. And you'll find me at confession at least twice a month. And now I thank you for your kindness. Good night."

"Good night," said the priest. Tom saluted and they parted. But as he wended his way to his barracks, Tom was whistling cheerily.

The next day proved Father Fink a good prophet. When the troops were lined up for inspection, it was announced that the men who had misbehaved on the train had been given a month of confinement to barracks to atone for their fault. In addition to this, the men who had attempted to break away from the guard were to be de-

prived of a month's pay. It was further announced that Private Doyle was specially commended for his soldierly conduct on that occasion and promoted to be Color Sergeant for the period of ten days. Such temporary promotion were common in the days of the recruiting, and served to stimulate the ambitions of men to strive for permanent promotions.

Tom's one regret regarding his promotion was that it took him for the time to the Headquarters Company, and thus separated him from Ted. He himself said nothing in his letters home about the incident. Hence one day he was surprised to receive two warmhearted letters of congratulation for his conduct,—one from his father, mother and sister, telling how proud they were of their boy, and a second, certainly not less warm, from his sweetheart, Rose. Ted came upon him when he was reading the second epistle.

"Congratulations to the hero, eh?" inquired Ted grinning broadly.

"So, you're the laddybuck that told the tale are you?" said Tom. "Well, you certainly are some camouflage artist. You must have painted me in glowing colors."

"Yep, they'll have your picture in the paper at home soon, if you don't look out," responded Ted teasingly. "But honest Tom," he continued. "I thought they'd be glad to know it,—so I told mother to tell your folks about it."

"Much obliged, old man," said Tom. "I didn't think it worth telling myself." And the friends went down the road together arm in arm.

Tom's duties as Color Sergeant soon came to an end and he returned to his Company. Here all was not smooth sailing for him. His First Sergeant was something of a martinet and a full fledged bigot besides. While Tom did not keep his religion constantly on parade, he made no secret of his Faith. He went to confession regularly, was always seen on Sunday morning's at Mass and even had the moral courage to kneel night and morning beside his cot in barracks for a brief prayer. Though some sneering remarks were made at this last custom, he paid no attention to them and continued to say his prayers as usual. With his conduct as a soldier, no fault could be found; and so the doughty Sergeant was at a loss, for a time, how to vent his feelings. He made slighting remarks about the Catholic religion to which Tom very sensibly made no reply. In his reprimands of the natural mistakes of raw recruits, he was always especially bitter

and scornful with regard to Tom. Still Tom went serenely on his way, as though the Sergeant did not exist. All of this served to inspire the narrow minded Sergeant with an intense and unreasoning dislike to Tom.

"Some day that guy will forget himself, and then he'll get his," announced the Sergeant to a confidant. "I've got no use for them Catholics."

But Tom did not forget himself and for a long time the Sergeant found no occasion to show his dislike. One day however after the troops had returned from a march, the men indulged in a bath. Tom, who, stripped to the waist, was vigorously rubbing himself with a rough towel, had hung his scapulars across the end of his cot, whence they had fallen to the floor. There the Sergeant found them, and picked them up.

"Who owns this thing," he said holding them at arms length and speaking loud enough to be heard by all the men present.

"I do, sir," said Tom reaching forward and taking the scapulars. "I hung them on the bed but they must have fallen."

"A soldier ought to be ashamed to wear such crazy charms," said the Sergeant insultingly.

Tom said nothing. Though he reddened slightly, he placed the scapulars across his shoulders and prepared to dress.

"I say," continued the Sergeant angrily, "a soldier ought to be ashamed of such old woman superstitions. No man in my command is going to do it either." And he snatched the scapulars from Tom's shoulder and threw them contemptuously on the floor.

Tom stooped, picked up the scapulars and hung them round his neck. Then he faced the angry Sergeant. "You had no right to do that, sir," he said in firm but quiet tones. "If you do not believe in my religion, at least you are bound to respect it."

"Oh I am, am I," asked the Sergeant beside himself with rage. "Here's what I think of you and your religion. "He tore the scapulars from Tom's neck and ground them under the heel of his muddy boot.

For once Tom forgot himself. His fist shot out and took the Sergeant squarely on the jaw. Down went the Sergeant in a heap. Tom respectfully picked up the soiled and torn scapulars and placed them in the pocket of his blouse.

The Sergeant struggled to his feet. He was white with rage. He barked out a command to the sentries. Tom was promptly placed

under arrest and hurried to the guard house, whilst the Sergeant hastened to Headquarters to report the incident.

Tom sat in the guard house disconsolate. He knew the penalties attached to striking an Officer and felt he was in a bad predicament. But he burned with indignation at the conduct of the Sergeant. "I'd do the same thing again, even if I were to be shot for it," he said hotly to himself. "He had no right to do what he did!"

In the evening, Father Fink visited the prisoner, but this time he had little encouragement for Tom. Army discipline gives little heed to extenuating circumstances. He merely inquired as to Tom's side of the story, informed him his trial was set for the next morning and departed with a word of advice to the prisoner to place his confidence in prayer. Tom did pray that night, prayed with all the fervor of his heart. And when "Taps" had sounded and he lay on his hard bed, he drew the torn and soiled scapulars from the pocket of his blouse, and kissed them tenderly. Then, he fell asleep trusting that the Mother, whose honor he had defended in his own rough way would not desert him in the hour of his need.

The court martial of Tom next day was brief and businesslike. The charge was read "Guilty of the gravest disrespect to a Superior Officer and of conduct unbecoming a soldier." Tom pleaded "not guilty," and the trial proceeded. The Sergeant, who seemed somewhat ashamed of himself told in a few words how Tom had struck him. His testimony hardly needed corroboration, as his swollen jaw was abundant evidence as to the truth of his story. Nevertheless some of Tom's comrades were called to corroborate the Sergeant. They simply answered the questions put to them and were not allowed to give their views of the incident. Hence Ted received a severe reprimand, though he convulsed his comrades when he stated in answer to the question as to whether he had seen Private Doyle strike the Sergeant, that he had seen Private Doyle strike his Sergeant but added "the Sergeant got just what was comin' to him." Next a few witnesses were called to tell of Tom's previous good conduct. No questions were asked as to whether Private Doyle was in any way justified in his conduct. The Army Regulations admitted no justification for striking an Officer. Such an act is strictly forbidden. Whoever under whatever circumstances transgresses the law is guilty and must abide the consequences of his act. Hence Tom was gloomy. His conviction was a foregone conclusion. So it was no surprise to

him when the Judge Advocate said, "Private Doyle is found guilty as charged." But when the Judge Advocate asked him if he had anything to say before sentence was passed, Tom summoned heart of grace and rose to his feet. His faced was flushed and his voice trembled a little as he spoke, but withal he looked very unlike a criminal as in ringing tones he made his answer.

"Honored sirs," he began, 'you ask me if I have anything to say in my defense before sentence is passed. I can only say, I knew the law and I transgressed it. Though I did so in anger, that of itself does not excuse me. Then what made me do what I did? All I can say is this. I've got an old Mother and a good pure girl waiting for me at home. I love them more than anyone on earth. When I was in civil life, if any man insulted them, I would do to him just what I did to Sergeant Brown yesterday. But more than my mother or my sweetheart I love my country. That's why I became a soldier. The flag represents my country. If any man, no matter how high his station, put that flag under his feet and trampled on it, if I didn't kill him, at least, I'd do what I did to Sergeant Brown yesterday. But above him, and flag and country, I've always been taught to love and honor God and my religion. Scapulars are a part of my religion, I wear them in honor of the Mother of God. Sergeant Brown trampled on my scapulars. I knocked him down. The Army Regulations say I did wrong. Maybe I did. But I want to say right here, even if the President of the United States tore my scapulars from my neck and trampled on them, I'm afraid I'd knock him down too, if I could. And even if you take me out and shoot me at sunrise, while I'm sorry for losing my temper, I can't say I am ashamed of what I did, and I won't believe I'm guilty of conduct unbecoming a soldier."

There was silence for a moment at the close of this speech. Then despite the efforts of the Judge Advocate to secure silence there was a loud cheer from Catholic and Protestant alike. The Judge, cleared his throat and wiped his eyes suspiciously and then said:

"Private Doyle you have been found guilty as charged, and hence some sentence must be passed upon you. It will be the lightest in my power to pronounce. You are condemned," here the Judge Advocate paused impressively, while the audience sat with bated breath, "you are condemned to two days' kitchen duty. The case is dismissed." The audience broke into a laugh at the sentence,—the transition from the sublime to the ridiculous was too sudden, even for them, schooled

to strict discipline of their emotions as they had been. They were preparing to leave the building where the trial had been held when Sergeant Brown stepped forward and spoke to the Judge Advocate. The latter rapped with his gavel on his desk and the audience came to attention.

"Sergeant Brown has a word to say," was the remark of the Judge Advocate.

Sergeant Brown stepped forward to where Tom stood surrounded by his comrades. "Private Doyle," said the Sergeant, "I wish publicly to apologize for my rude conduct yesterday. Let us be friends."

"Sure," said Tom warmly grasping the outstretched hand of the Sergeant. "And I'm sorry I busted your jaw."

"Hm," said the Judge Advocate, reaching for his hat, "Sergeant Brown, you saved yourself from being reduced to the ranks, by that apology. It does you credit. Henceforth leave a man alone regarding his religion. Court is dismissed."

(To be continued.)

J. R. MELVIN, C. Ss. R.

THE TEST OF RELIGIOUS CONVICTION

Bishop John Vaughan of England says that during more than thirty years' experience as a priest he has witnessed again and again a telling fact which forms a strange argument for the Catholic Church.

"In circumstances of special solemnity or danger," says Bishop Vaughan, "when men are wont to be most sincere and true to themselves and motives, one will find Protestants wishing to change their faith; but Catholics never. I have known many Protestants, both men and women, and both old and young, to have been received in the Church on their deathbeds. I have known them to refuse ministrations of the parson and call for a Catholic priest to give them the rites of the Church. But in these circumstances I have never heard, or seen, or read of or come across any Catholic wishing to become an Anglican or Methodist or Presbyterian or a member of any of the other four hundred and sixty-four registered sects that blossom in this land."

To dare is often the impulse of selfish ambition or hare-brained valor; to forbear is at times the proof of real greatness.—*Washington Irving.*

PICTURES AND THOUGHTS

When we enter a home and behold the pictures of our presidents, of our great generals decorating the walls, we think: "Ah, here is a patriotic family." When the pictures of our suffering Lord, our Lady of the Saints greet us we exclaim: "Here is a Catholic family." If nude pictures, grotesque images of naked imps of fruits and animals only, what must we think? Remember a room full of holy pictures is a room full of holy thoughts. May not or must not a room full of foolish pictures be a room full of foolish thoughts and a room full of wicked pictures be a room full of wicked or at least dangerous thoughts.

DUTY VS. PRIVILEGE

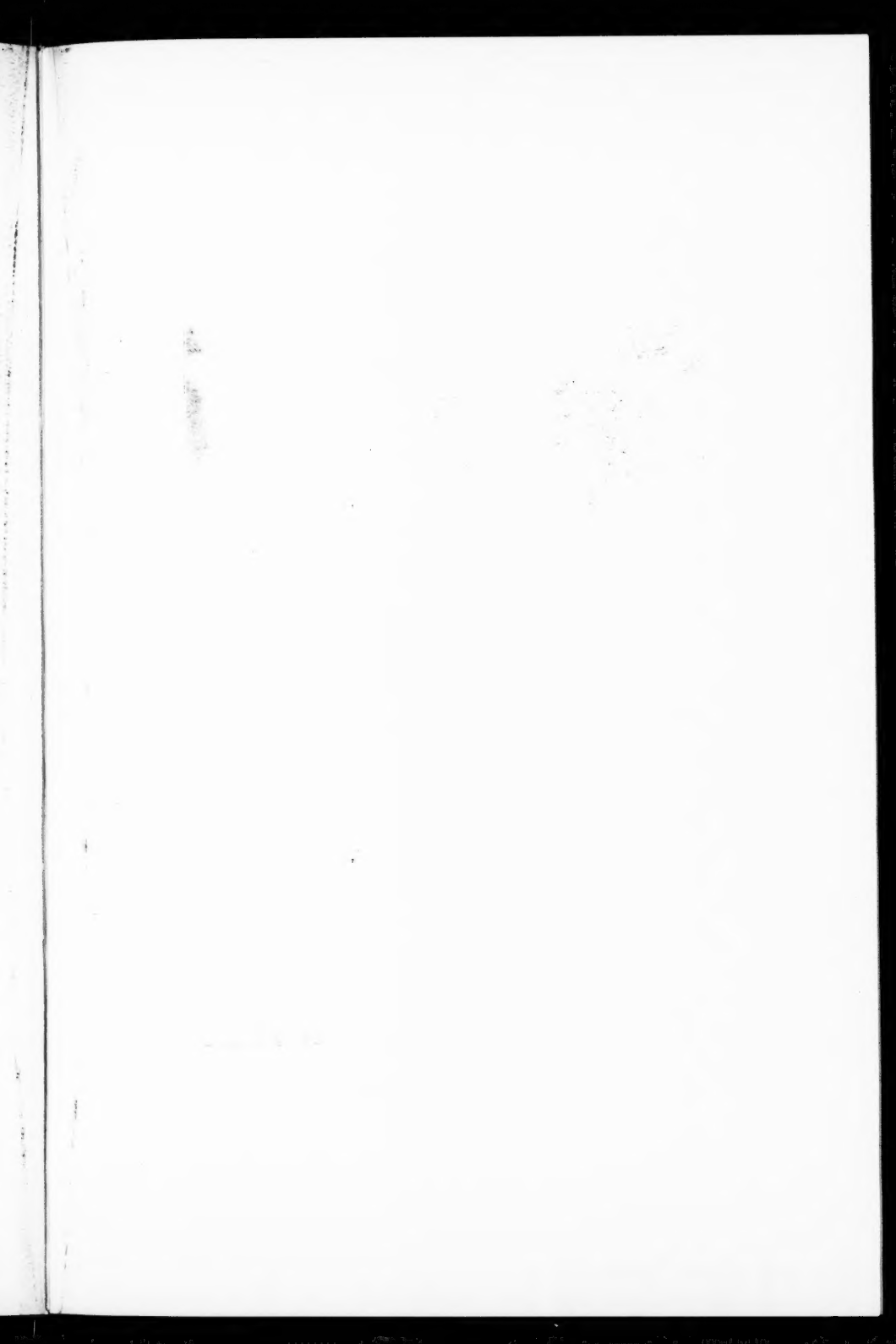
Everywhere during this season we hear the warning, "Don't forget to make your Easter Duty." A non-Catholic hearing this would be tempted to think of the Easter Communion the same as a certain Protestant did think concerning the obligation of Hearing Mass on Sundays: "I would not belong to a Church that imposes the obligation of hearing Mass on Sunday," he declared to his Catholic friend. "Why!" exclaimed the Catholic, "I always look on the hearing of Mass as a privilege not an obligation."

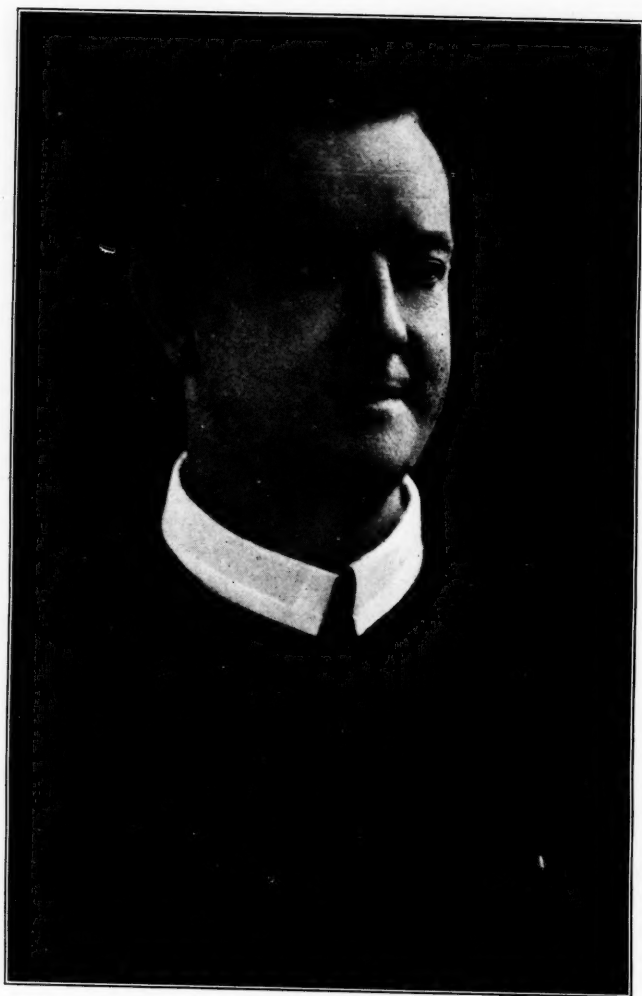
The receiving of Holy Communion at Easter and at any other time is a privilege,—the creature to feed on the Living Flesh and Blood of the God-Man. Instead of considering this an obligation we ought to consider it a shame that the Church is obliged to force people to make use of such a great and beneficial privilege.

RECIPE

Charles Kingsley's recipe for being miserable is as follows: "Think about yourself, about what you want, what respect people ought to pay you, and what people think of you—in other words center all your thoughts on yourself—and you will have abundance of misery."

Who wants a recipe for being miserable? We seek one to make us contented, and here it is: Consider only those good things which God gives you, and only those adverse things which God permits to fall to the lot of others.





VERY REV. THOMAS PATRICK BROWN

THE INCORRUPTIBLE CROWN

The LIGUORIAN has suffered its first serious loss. Six years ago under the active agency of Very Rev. Thomas Patrick Brown the LIGUORIAN was presented to the world. The pretensions of the LIGUORIAN are still too small to lay ready claim as one of the great works of a life dedicated to the furtherance of Christian truth and Catholic education.

Very Rev. Thomas Brown's father, Robert, was educated to the strict uncompromising Calvinistic mannerisms characteristic of his native place, Edinburgh, Scotland. He came to America bringing with him his failings and his virtues. He apparently settled in Massachusetts, where his religious tenets would meet with favor, if not encouragement. There was, however, in Massachusetts a leaven of truth, and Robert Brown's character was such that he had but to see truth and regardless of consequences he embraced it. He became Catholic a year before he asked and received the hand of Helen Courtenay. Helen Courtenay was an Irish maid from Wexford. She loved her faith and stored her mind with an exceptional supply of knowledge which made her specially equipped to give a "reason for the faith that was in her". Helen Courtenay was an ideal wife and mother. The union of these two excellent Catholics was blessed with ten children, the two youngest, Thomas Patrick and Agnes being born in Savannah, Georgia. Both children devoted their lives to the service of God and religion. Agnes as Sister Mary Paula of the Order of Mercy died in her native city twenty years ago, Thomas as a Redemptorist died at St. Louis, February 28, 1919.

Thomas Patrick Brown was born March 10, 1857, and began his education early in life at the public school of his native city. We do not make this statement for the purpose of advancing another example of an heroic Catholic life as a product of non-secretarian education. Designedly have we above outlined the character of his parents, for parents with a character solidly set on Christian principles can not but imprint a character on their offspring. Were all Catholic parents as exemplary as Robert Brown and his wife there would perhaps be a less danger in non-religious instruction at school. Were all public schools such as the one Father Brown attended the evil would be lessened. It was under the patronage of St. Patrick, the teachers were

mainly Catholics, and the children were taught their catechism before the school hours.

At the age of fourteen Father Brown went to Chatawa, Miss., to pursue his classical studies under the direction of the Redemptorist Fathers, who at that time had their preparatory college there. After a successful course in humanities he went to the Novitiate House at Kansas City where he made his religious profession, September 8, 1880. As the Fathers had no House of theology in the West, Father Brown was sent to Ilchester, Maryland, to complete his higher studies, and on March 7, 1885, he was ordained priest by Cardinal then Archbishop Gibbons.

Though he had given himself all and unreservedly to Almighty God, and his excellent and edifying parents had generously made the sacrifice of their beloved child, his superiors—as all superiors of the Redemptorist Order of America before and after—thought it but proper that the cherished boy be allowed to return to his fond kindred to celebrate the Sacred Mysteries for the first time. Accordingly Father Brown journeyed to Savannah where in old St. Patrick's Church, in which as a child he had so often received Christ's Body and Blood, there he called down the God of heaven to change the substance of bread and wine into the sacred Body and Blood of the Incarnate Word. It was a day of joy, not such as the world gives, but that sweet foretaste of the eternal joy which he and his parents are today possessing in the eternal Presence. He returned after a short stay to Ilchester where he remained till the following April. When coming westward again, he was sent toward the close of the year to New Orleans, there making his second novitate under the direction of the eminent and renowned missionary Father Louis Cook.

The first eleven years of his ministry were spent in St. Louis, during four of which he held the important office of Rector and Consul-tor to the Provincial Superior. It was under his administration that St. Alphonsus' (Rock) Church School reached the eminence it now has attained as one of the best in St. Louis. In 1898 he was sent as superior of Sacred Heart Church, Seattle. Only those who know the spleen of Western bigotry and how it raged with comparative impunity can realize what was the task set before Father Brown in this commission. During his term of office, A. P. A. incendiaries burnt down the church. But nothing daunted, a statelier structure was soon raised on the old foundation. In the next seven years Father Brown

filled the office of superior in Detroit and Denver. May 2, 1907, he was appointed by Rome Provincial of the Western Province, which position he held for four terms.

So active was Father Brown in the extensive field of labor allotted to him that we feel compelled to give this period of his life but a general review. The esteem in which Father Brown had been held by his confreres previous to his provincialship is evident in their choice of him to represent them at the General Chapters of the Order held in Rome, 1894, and 1909. In no better hands could they have committed their interests. As Provincial he worked unstintingly for the welfare of all. His love for the Congregation of which he was an ornament, was wholesouled. His interests were centered in the West because it was for him that portion of the Saviour's vineyard in which he was called upon to labor.

Christ was at once his strength and his model. In the various foundations which he undertook as Provincial, his first care was the children and the school. Even against the strongest opposition he insisted on the school, strong in the conviction that He who called the little ones unto Him in the long ago of distant Palestine, was not less solicitous to have the little ones brought to Him in Twentieth Century America. Before his death he had the consolation of knowing that his confidence was not in vain. Schools that were commenced when scarcely thirty children could be mustered into them were, at his death, flourishing institutions.

As Provincial Superior his heart was centered on the educational portions of the Province. Seeing the crowded condition in the preparatory college, he made a special appeal to the parishioners in the various cities where Redemptorist houses are established to procure money for an addition to the college. He established the present house of philosophy and theology for the professed students at Oconomowoc, and instituted the establishment of burses for their support. To further the burses he wrote a public address, "To the Parishioners and Friends of the Redemptorist Fathers," in which the spirit dominating him is well expressed.

It was published in the LIGUORIAN in 1916, pages 386 and 438.

In June, 1918, Father Brown retiring from the office of Provincial, assumed the rectorship of the House of Studies at Oconomowoc. It seemed a Divine Providence that to so ardent a laborer for the spread of Catholic truth and the furtherance of Catholic schools, should be

committed the final education of young men aspiring to the priesthood. But God had other designs. In August of the same year he was appointed rector of St. Alphonsus' Church, St. Louis, to succeed Very Rev. Father McGinn, who died of Infuenza. It was in the discharge of this duty that Father Brown was called to his reward. He died of apoplexy while in conference with his subjects on the better maintenance of religious order.

Father Brown's life is his best eulogy. How many were ready to pronounce it was evidenced at his death. Over a hundred priests surrounded his remains as the last rites of Holy Church were celebrated. The laity flocked in, in such numbers that St. Alphonsus' spacious church could not contain them. The Very Rev. C. D. McEnniry, present Provincial, was celebrant of the Mass, assisted by Rev. Michael Sheehan of Brooklyn as deacon, and Rev. Joseph Beil of Chicago as subdeacon. Father Franzen, a life-long friend and associate, preached the sermon. His Grace Archbishop Glennon pronounced the last absolution. Interment took place in the cemetery of St. Joseph's College in which Father Brown had taken such a deep interest.

Father Brown was a man of intense devotion and most conscientious application to duty, a tireless worker to the day of his death. Who can estimate the worth of those big silent factors so potent for good which God gives to the world?

May he rest in peace.

THE BETTER WAY

It is always better to help others to criticize themselves than it is to criticize them. They will believe themselves; they are not likely to believe you. The way to bring about this healthy and helpful condition of self-criticism, with its accompanying desire for improvement, is to show by our lives, silently, the better way, while resolutely refraining from urging it on others.

It was a high tribute paid to a Christian man, when one who had known him intimately, said of him:

"He never told me what I ought to do better, but I always came away from any conversation with him, wanting to do better."

If we would do this for others, let us seal our lips to criticism, and incarnate the better way in our lives.—*The Protectory News*.

	Catholic Anecdotes	
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MANZONI'S LOTTERY

Alessandro Manzoni, one of Italy's greatest novelists and poets during the last century, was, at least in the latter part of his life, a devout and practical Catholic. He had a special love for the Mass, and as long as his health permitted, would allow nothing to keep him from assisting at the holy Sacrifice.

One Sunday afternoon,—it was cold and rainy,—that miserable cold and rainy weather which Italy can furnish as if in revenge for her bright summer skies,—an old friend came to visit Manzoni, and was surprised to find the good old man wrought up about something.

"What's wrong?" he asked.

"Why, answered Manzoni, "the women-folk tried to prevent me from going to Mass this morning because of the miserable weather!"

"Pardon me," said his friend; "I think the women-folk were quite right; in your condition you would surely have caught a cold had you gone out."

"And I," put in Manzoni, his eyes glistening with aroused interest, "I say, they were quite wrong."

His friend shook his head as if unconvinced. So the novelist went on:

"Let me prove it to you, friend. You and I played the lottery; now suppose I had drawn the winning number, and had been informed that if I come to get it, I am entitled to thirty thousand dollars. Let us suppose that today had been the last chance to get my thirty thousand; tell me, do you think that all the women-folk in the house could have kept me from going for the money,—and if it rained a deluge? Would they have been able to keep you at home under the circumstances?"

The friend looked for some moments at the face of the speaker, all the more handsome for the noble excitement that illuminated it, and for a while found no words to reply.

"Enough, Manzoni," he said at last, "I understand; of course, no treasure on earth can compare with holy Mass, and it is a privilege to go to it,—rain or shine."

EVERYDAY LOVE

A group of little girls were telling each other of the love each felt for her mother; and as the testimony went on, the strength of the statements grew, each child feeling obliged to surpass her mates. Finally, one said positively:

"I love my mother so much, I would die for her!"

The impression of this declaration subdued the circle. The climax had been reached. What more could anyone say? But a lady, sitting near, had overheard the conversation, and seized the moment of silence to make a quiet little remark.

"It seems very strange to me," she said, "that a little girl who loves her mother enough to die for her, doesn't love her enough to wash the dishes for her!"

We who are older and know better, require just such homely reminders to bring us back from our theories to the facts of life. The love that is "to the level of every day's most common needs", is the only genuine love.

THE GRACE OF THE PRIESTHOOD

The following incident took place in one of our large cities during the recent epidemic:

One of our Fathers on leaving a house where he had attended an influenza patient, happened to meet another Father, returning from a similar mission.

"Father," said the first priest, "would you mind coming with me? I am carrying the Blessed Sacrament, and I think the party to whom I am called is Protestant; perhaps a word from you may help."

The other priest willingly accompanied him. On reaching the house, they found the dying man really a protestant. He was afflicted with the dread disease that was causing the death of so many. He had sent for his minister, begging him to come. But he replied that it was not customary to visit church members afflicted with Spanish Influenza. The poor man, afraid to die without any spiritual help whatsoever, at last, in desperation, begged his wife, who happened to be a Catholic, to call in the priest of her Church.

On seeing the two priests, the sick man received them with joy

and narrated the refusal of his minister to attend him in his death agony.

"Well," said the priest, "he has a wife and family to take care of, whereas we have only God to serve. Besides, he has not the grace of the Sacrament of Orders to give him courage and strength."

A brief explanation of the principal doctrines of the Church followed, and the dying man was asked if he wished to die a Catholic.

"Reverend sir," he replied, "only tell me what I must do. I am willing to do anything you ask. Your conduct has convinced me that a church like yours must be the true Church."

He died an edifying death in the bosom of the Church.

FROM A SOLDIER'S LETTER

One of our boys, writing to his mother, relates how one day in the trenches he was addressed by a Protestant officer.

"Are you going over to the Mass tomorrow?"

"Yes, of course," I answered.

"Could I go with you?" questioned the officer.

"Certainly, you'll be welcome if you want to come," I said.

"Sunday morning we made our way together over to the field Mass, and going along the officer said to me: 'May I remain next to you at the Mass?'"

"Surely," I answered.

"Just a moment before we reached the enclosure the officer asked the same question. I showed surprise, no doubt, that he should be so anxious about such a simple matter. I was about to tell him so but he straightway explained: 'Well, my reason is this. I want to be right next to you when you come back from Communion, from receiving God in you.'"

May we not hope that this perfect act of faith has, or will soon win, its reward in the precious gift of Baptism?

"The work of men"—and what is that? Well, we may, any of us, know very quickly, on the condition of being wholly ready to do it. But many of us are for the most part thinking, not of what we are to do, but of what we are to get; the best of us are sunk into the sin of Ananias, and it is a mortal one. We want to keep back part of the price * * * —*Ruskin.*

	Pointed Paragraphs	
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RUMOR

The "*Dodge Building Reports*" and several newspapers assert that the Redemptorists are about to erect a new seminary building at Oconomowoc, Wisconsin, to provide room for the students.

Though it is true that room is needed, still it is more true, that the need of means and funds preclude all idea of attempting the reported building.

QUEER

Two years ago a little girl about eighteen years of age came to her father and said: "Father, I would like to become a nun. I think it is the wish of our dear Lord that I should consecrate my life to Him in the convent at N.," naming a place about eventy-five miles distant. The father was overjoyed to see that God had called one of his three daughters to the religious life, and he readily gave his consent. When the mother and the brother and the other sisters heard of the resolve of the girl, they had all manner of objections: "What will my daughter do amongst all those strange women in that sisterhood?" "What will become of our sister so far away from home?" The brother thought it would be a risk to allow his sister to go into the hands of those nuns: his little sister deserved better companions. In spite of all the objections that the mother, sisters and brother could make, the father saw that his daughter followed the call of God. One year after the departure of the little girl, a young man called at the house on his way from Nova Scotia to Seattle. A relative of the family had told him to visit them on his trip through Chicago. The eldest daughter was taken up with the visitor at first sight, and the visitor was taken up with her. An epistolary correspondence carried on while the man was in the West brought things to a climax. On his way back he stopped at the home of the girl and asked for her hand in marriage. She was willing, but the father thought that they did not know each other well enough and that the young man's history or character were not sufficiently known to them. When the father demurred, the mother used all her influence to have him give his con-

sent; she was happy to see that her daughter was about to settle down. The other sister was only too envious of the fortune of her sister, and the brother could not do enough for the young man that thought so highly of his sister. They were married in due time, and the girl, who wept when she saw her sister leave home at the call of God to go to a convent only sixty miles away, did not think anything of going thousands of miles from home at the call of a man.

When the excitement of the departure was over the father called the mother, the remaining daughter and the son and spoke thus: "How is it that you feared to allow your sister and daughter to leave home, to go only sixty miles away to consecrate herself to God and to live with other young women who had consecrated their lives to the service of God; whilst you did not fear, but were even glad, to have your sister consecrate her life to a creature, to go thousands of miles from home, to live with a man—you do not know where; to live with a man—you do not know how; to live—with a man whom you know not."

We fear to give to God what belongs to Him, whereas we do not fear to give to creatures what belongs to God.

WHAT IS LOVE?

The dictionary says it is an earnest wish or effort to promote the welfare of another. True, perfect love would seek the highest good for the object loved. Now, the only real good is the possession of sanctifying grace, the salvation of the soul. How foolish then to call love that which leads to the commission of sin! The so-called love that entices to sin is base passion, the so-called love that yields to the sinful wishes of the loved one is weakness, fear, human respect. They are not lovers, nor friends; they are the greatest enemies to themselves and to each other.

HIGH TREASON

Loyal hearts are now awake to the wickedness and evil results of treasonable propaganda. It never marches under its true colors but resorts to trickery in order to mislead the unwary. All this talk about Spiritism is treasonable propaganda. It aims at high treason against Almighty God by giving comfort and aid to His deadly enemy the devil. Just now when so many millions of families are plunged in mourning by the untimely taking off of a dear one, it strives to make

capital of their natural desire to communicate with their dead. But let them remember well that the communications with the dead so widely advertised by Spiritists are either fraud or deviltry. The devil has no difficulty simulating the appearance of a departed soul whenever we foolishly invite him by dabbling in occultism. This is a very old trick of his, as history and Scripture prove. If you wish to meet your dead and enjoy their company, take the one sure and unfailing means of doing so. Be loyal to God in this life, and you will sooner or later go to dwell with your dear departed in the light of His divine countenance in the mansions of eternal blessedness. Devil worship will never get you there.

BOYS AND GIRLS

The *Herald-Examiner* on March the Fourth in quoting Mrs. Humiston, who has done so much welfare work among the girls, says that the pitfalls for girls are motion picture studios, cabarets, art studios, dance halls, coffee rooms, novelty stores, manicure and hair dressing establishments, rear rooms of cigar stores, family rooms of saloons, employment agencies and stenographic agencies, public schools and chiefly high schools.

Could not some of these be pitfalls for boys also? If more care were taken to make men and boys good morally, the girls would need less care.

NO EXCEPTIONS

Dear Editor:—Have the men been given a moral code different from that given to women? Men, and women also, seem to despise a sinful woman, whilst both men and women condone the sins of a man.

Dear Reader:—Searching the Bible, the catechism, the commandments and the exhortations of Christ, I find nowhere that the men are bound less by the Law of God than women are. In the Gospel we read of the woman taken in adultery. The Scribes and Pharisees, men, allowed her companion to go as if he had committed no sin. Christ showed these men that they were as wicked as the woman by the very same deeds. They did not condemn the man, Christ did not condemn the woman and His injunctions to sin no more binds the men as well as the women.

	Catholic Events	
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The National Catholic War Council is trying to set on foot a nationwide movement for the promotion of citizenship and one element of the movement is to encourage and aid immigrants to become citizens.

Many of these immigrants are Catholics and excellent Catholics. If no Catholic organization looks after them, other organizations will and we may pay for our apathy by opening up another source of leakage to the Church in America.

Emphasis is laid, too, on the need of training youths in schools in civic matters and in the obligations of citizenship. If this is to be a government by the people, then it is necessary that all our people take a wide-awake interest in public affairs. Learn to watch legislation, learn to watch your congressmen, your representatives. Else we shall wake up to find ourselves saddled with legislation that will do injustice to our deepest convictions. To change a law is harder than to prevent a law: victory comes to the vigilant and active. Give your support to the National Catholic War Council.

* * *

The Convention of the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae is announced for the early days of next summer: May 30 to June 4th.

* * *

Everything free—the proud slogan of the Knights of Columbus has been made the butt of attack—strange to say. The things given free were the things bought with the money the people gave for their soldier boys. Now only ten per cent of that should be given freely, the rest should be made a source of profit for someone else.

The heads of the Knights of Columbus had a conference with Secretary Baker in which they urged that it had always been their policy to give everything free and that it was under this slogan and promise that people had given their money to them.

Secretary Baker promised to take the matter under consideration.

* * *

According to a statement made by government officials at Washington wine for sacramental purposes may be manufactured after May 1st—of course, under due surveillance. Such wine must be made on bonded premises and after being manufactured, they must not be sold as beverages or for manufacturing patent medicines. The churches will not be allowed more than is necessary for a three months' supply of wine for sacramental purposes.

* * *

Rev. J. P. Aldridge, of the Dominican Order, hitherto Prior of St. Mary's Convent in New Haven, Conn., is to leave for Rome soon, to be assistant to the General of the Dominican Order. This post has just been vacated by the appointment of Father J. T. McNicholas as Bishop of Duluth.

The tax-committees of the New York State Legislature have proposed a tax on all church property to cover the deficit caused largely by prohibition legislation.

* * *

Rt. Rev. Msgr. Joseph Soentgerath, D. D., for twenty years rector of the famous Pontifical College, the Josephinum, at Columbus, O., and for as many years professor of moral theology, resigned on account of ill health.

* * *

The Supreme Court of Georgia declared the infamous convent inspection law of that state unconstitutional. The case arose in October, 1917, when Sister Felicitas, Superior of the Franciscan Sisters, refused to allow a grand jury committee to inspect the institution.

* * *

On February 17th, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Canada's most distinguished statesman, died of paralysis, after only one day's illness.

Sir Wilfrid was for many years the recognized leader of the Liberal Party. He was Premier from 1896 to 1911.

The orator who delivered his funeral oration summed up his deeds for Canada in these striking words: "He found the country (Canada) a colony, he left it a nation, respected in the galaxy of commonwealths that constitute the British Empire. And all these things the chieftain did with hands unsullied. His character remained unblemished."

Another writer in the *Canadian Freeman* said at the time of Sir Wilfrid's death: "It is edifying to read that last Sunday morning, at the moment when the hand of God touched him, the veteran statesman was preparing to go to Mass. The day before he had a slight attack, but had rallied from it and with his usual forcefulness and energy, he seemed determined to use up the last remnant of his strength to glorify God by obeying the voice of the Church which commands us to hear Mass on Sunday. What a splendid example for his fellow-Catholics!"

* * *

The drive against our parochial schools continues. An attack was recently made on them by John E. Hyatt, Republican leader in the Assembly. He said: "The little red school house is the true foundation of American ideals and institutions. Our public school system is the true melting-pot, in which the boys of all nationalities are developed into that type of American doughboy that became the wonder of the world during the war in Europe. The American public schools have inscribed their names indelibly on the battlefields of France and Belgium, and if I had my way, I would not permit a single parish school or private sectarian school in the United States."

And where were the Catholics educated, who, though they form but 10 per cent of the population of the U. S., still gave 35 per cent of our army, 40 per cent of our navy and 50 per cent of our marines? Did not their blood flow as freely on the battlefields of Europe? Is the honorable Assemblyman lying, or is he concealing facts, or is he too bigotted to see facts, or is he ignorant?

A fire which recently occurred in the Catholic Orphan Asylum in Buffalo threatened to destroy the entire institution. There were 425 children in the orphanage at the time when the fire broke out, but through the heroic efforts of the Sisters in charge and the firemen, all were rescued without loss of life or accident. The damage to the buildings amounts to \$125,000 or \$150,000. The remaining wing of the building was arranged to accommodate the girls and the rest of the children were taken up in Canisius College, the House of the Good Shepherd, and in private families. Even Protestants offered their homes and aid for the children.

* * *

Rev. Albert Daeger, a member of the Franciscan Order, for several years pastor of the parish of San Diego, at Jemez, New Mexico, has been appointed Archbishop of Santa Fe, to succeed the Most Rev. John B. Pitaval, who recently resigned. He has been connected with the missions of New Mexico for many years and was director of the United States School for Indians at Jemez. This school is conducted by the Sisters of St. Francis of Perpetual Adoration.

* * *

The fears we expressed in a previous issue of the LIGUORIAN in regard to the influence of France in Alsace, are not all unfounded. *La Croix*, a Paris paper brings evidence that would almost seem incredible. Separation of Church and State is to be enforced immediately; the same restraints in matters of worship are to be imposed, as hold in France, and the same confiscations of Religious property are to be made. The teaching body and the schools must be laicized; ministers of religion are excluded from the schools; manuals of history and morals are furnished by the French government—but they are such that the Bishops found themselves obliged to condemn them.

And yet, a while ago France made the most glowing promises to the Alsations through Marshal Joffre, who proclaimed: "France brings to you, together with the liberty which it has always represented, respect for your own liberty, the Alsatian liberty, for your traditions, your convictions, your habits. I am France, you are Alsace, I bring you the kiss of France."

It smacks of the Judas kiss!

* * *

A Commission of three Episcopalian Bishops is on its way to Rome to interest the Holy Father in a World League of Churches. The three Bishops represent the Protestant Episcopal Church in this country, the Anglican Church, and several other Protestant denominations. What is the exact nature of the League of Churches they propose is not known, and we await with interest the issue of their meeting with the Holy Father.

* * *

On account of peculiar conditions, the Diocese of Salt Lake City in the Mormon State of Utah, though thirty years old, had no Catholic schools, although they had several High Schools and Academies for secondary education. But now the Bishop is arranging for the erection of an imposing parochial school for the Cathedral parish.

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Sign all Questions with name and address.)

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Is it true that a woman must pay the convent quite a sum of money to be accepted as a Sister?

No, it is not true. Some sisterhoods, however, require that aspirants bring a certain amount of money, which is called a dowry. But this is not the price of admission. The money is invested, and the interest used to support the Sister. Should she leave the convent at any time, her dowry will be returned to her. This practice prevails in America only in the Sisterhoods which lead a contemplative life. The Sisters who teach, nurse the sick, or perform other active works of charity usually do not require any dowry at all. A few demand a slight sum as a nominal dowry, or to support the novices before she really becomes a member of the Sisterhood.

Why do Catholics, if they believe in the Real Presence put the Images of saints on the Altar? Doesn't it detract from devotion to Christ?

We put the images of the Saints around God's throne on the altar, because God puts the saints around His throne in heaven. And just as the presence of angels and saints in heaven does not in the least detract from adoration to God, so neither does the presence of images, these reminders of the saints and angels, detract from intelligent devotion to Our Lord in His Sacramental Presence. On the contrary, it makes us feel that when we kneel adoring before the altar we are in the company of the best men that have ever dwelt on earth, the very flower of mankind.

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And yet, you can make your own Holy Communions very profitable for others. When you go to Communion, let us say, you get up a little earlier (1st good work); you say your morning prayers more devoutly (2nd good work); you go to Mass and look around less in church (3rd good work); you make a good thanksgiving, during which you enkindle true love for our Lord in your heart, and resolve to correct your impatience with mother or other faults, or to do some act of charity (4th good work); during the day, you remember your morning's Communion and quietly repeat ejaculations like: Lord, thank you for coming to me; be my courage and strength! (5th good work); and so on. Now for all these works, little as they may seem, God holds out to you rewards and blessings: these you may write over to your friend.

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	<h2 style="margin: 0;">Lucid Intervals</h2>	
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Tenderfoot—Pa, are trousers plural or singular?

Father—Well if you had a pair I'd say they were plural, but if you didn't have a pair I'd call that singular.

Under a "sketchy little thing," exhibited by Jones there hangs a printed card which bears the words:

"Do not touch with canes or umbrellas."

An appreciative small boy added the following postscript:

"Take an ax."

One of the briefest and queerest wills on record is that of an old Western farmer, who, though reputed to be rich, died penniless. His will ran: "In the name of God, amen. There's only one thing I leave—I leave the earth. My relations have always wanted that. They can have it."

At a dinner party the other day there was a deaf old lady. The footman (who by the way was the gardener dressed up for the occasion) came round to her with the vegetables.

"Will you have some peas, madam?" he asked.

For answer the old lady put her ear-trumpet to her ear. The footman scratched his head.

"Well," said he, "it's a rum way, but I suppose she likes it," and he emptied peas and all down the trumpet to the great mirth of the rest.

O LEO MARGARINE!

Whether the years prove fat or lean,

This vow I here rehearse:

I take you, dearest Margarine,

For butter or for worse.

The teacher had been telling her class about the rhinoceros family. "Now name some things," she said, "that are very dangerous to get near to, and that have horns."

"Automobiles!" promptly answered Johnny.

Wild and disheveled, watery of eye, and trembling of limb, he burst into the dentist's consulting-room, and addressed the molar merchant in gasping tones:

"Do you give gas here?"

"Yes," replied the dentist.

"Does it put a man to sleep?"

"Of course."

"Nothing would wake him?"

"Nothing. But—"

"Wait a bit; you could break his jaw or black his eye without him feeling it?"

"My dear sir, of course, I—"

"It lasts about half a minute, doesn't it?"

"Yes."

With a wild whoop of joy and relief the excited man threw off his coat and waistcoat.

"Now," he yelled, as he tugged at his shirt, "get yer gas engine ready. I want you to pull a porous-plaster off my back."

Husband—What kind of a cake is this, Effie?

Wife (who made it)—It was an angel cake till it fell.

Little Jeannette's mother found her one day with her face covered with jam from ear to ear. "Oh, Jeannette," said her mother, "what would you think if you caught me looking like that some day?" "I should think you'd had a awful good time, mamma," said Jeannette, her face brightening.

Missourian—"You Kansans always have your brass bands going and your flags flying. We in Missouri get tired of your cocksureness. Tell me what you have decided about the hen, for instance? Does she 'sit' or does she 'set'?"

Kansan—"We don't bother about a thing like that. What concerns us is, when she cackles, has she laid or has she lied?"

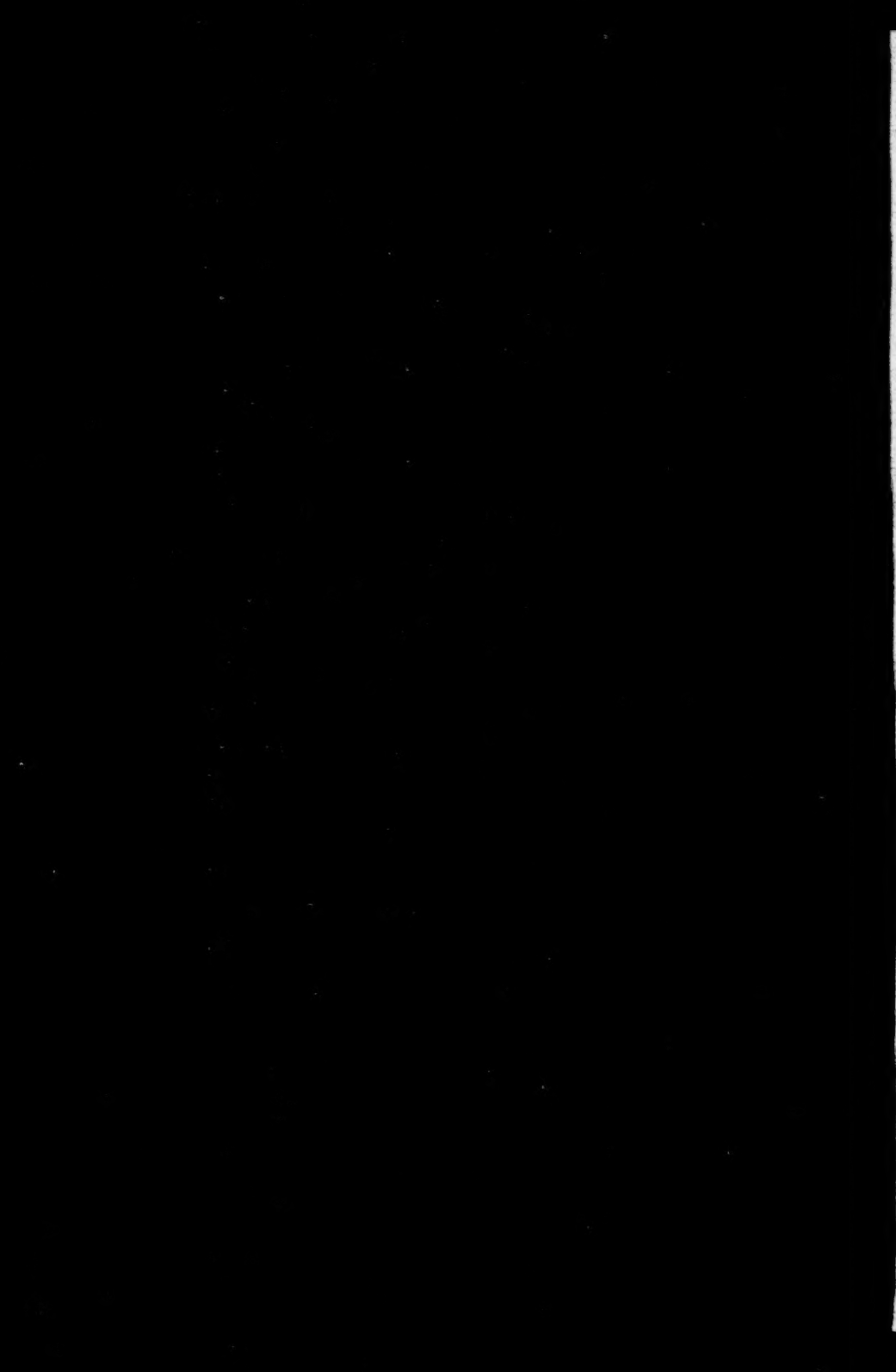
They were looking at the kangaroo at the zoo, when an Irishman said:

"Beg pardon, sor, plawat kind of a crayture is that?"

"Oh," said the gentleman, "that is a native of Australia."

"Good hivins!" exclaimed Pat; "an' me sister wrote us home she's married wan o' thim."





Redemptorist Burses

Those who have given any contribution to the burses shall have a share in perpetuity in the daily Masses, the daily Holy Communions and daily special prayers that shall be offered up by our Professed Students for the founders and associate founders of Redemptorist Scholarships.

Burse of St. Anthony.....	\$3,250.00
Burse of St. Alphonsus (St. Alphonsus Parish, New Orleans, La.)...	2,495.46
Burse of St. Mary (St. Mary's Parish, New Orleans, La.).....	673.33
Burse of St. Joseph	505.00
Burse of Our Lady of Perpetual Help (St. Alphonsus Parish, Grand Rapids, Mich.)	795.00
Burse of St. Francis of Assisi.....	1,000.00
Burse of O. Lady of Perpetual Help (St. Joseph's Parish, Denver, Colo.)	93.00
Burse of St. Gerard Majella (St. Michael's Parish, Chicago, Ill.).....	1,748.00
Burse of the Little Flower.....	460.00
Burse of Our Lady, Queen of Peace.....	1,074.00
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